

Religious Notices.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. H. W. Ballantine, Pastor. Public worship on the Sabbath at 10:30 A.M. and 7:30 P.M. Sunday-School at 12 M. Sunday-School prayer-meeting Sabbath, at 7 P.M. Weekly prayer-meeting Thursday, at 7:45 P.M.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. Ezra D. S. Smith, Pastor. Sunday services: Preaching at 10:30 A.M. and 7:30 P.M. Sunday-school at 7:45 P.M. Prayer meeting, Thursday evening, at 7:45 P.M. Class meetings, Tuesday and Friday evenings at 7:45 o'clock.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—Rev. Albert Mann, Jr., Pastor. Sunday services: Preaching at 10:30 A.M. and 7:30 P.M. Sunday-school at 7:45 P.M. Prayer meeting, Thursday evening, at 7:45 P.M. Class meetings, Tuesday and Friday evenings at 7:45 P.M. Sunday school at 3 P.M.

WESLEYAN METHODIST CHURCH.—Rev. S. W. Duffield, Pastor. Sabbath services 10:30 A.M. and 7:30 P.M. Sunday school, 12 M. Weekly prayer meeting at 8 o'clock each Thursday evening in Chapel parlor.

CHRIST CHURCH (Episcopal)—Liberty street.—Rev. W. G. Farrington, D. D., Rector. Morning service, 10:30 o'clock. Second service, 7:30 P.M. Sunday school, in month when it is at 3:45 P.M. Sunday school at 3 P.M.

HOPE CHAPEL.—Sunday school every Sabbath at 3:30 P.M. John G. Broughton, Superintendent.

CHURCH OF THE SACRED HEART.—Rev. J. M. Nardiello, Pastor. First mass, 10:30 A.M. High mass, 10:30 A.M. Vespers, 3 P.M. Sunday school, 2:30 P.M.

BERKELEY UNION SABBATH SCHOOL.—Held in Berkeley School-house, Bloomfield Avenue, every Sunday at 3 P.M. John A. Skinner, Superintendent, welcome.

WATERSIDE M. E. CHURCH.—Rev. J. K. Egbert, Pastor. Sunday services: Preaching, 10:30 A.M. and 7:45 P.M. Sunday school, 2:30 P.M. Class meeting Tuesday evening at 8 P.M. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 8 P.M. Children's class for religious instruction Saturday at 3 P.M.

ST. PAUL'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH, (Watervisiting). Rev. James E. Fanson, Rector. Service Sunday 10:45 A.M., 7:45 P.M. Sunday school, 2 P.M. Seats free. All are invited.

GERMAN PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. John M. Endlin, Pastor. Hours of service, 10:30 A.M. and 7:30 P.M. Sunday school, 2 P.M. Prayer meeting, Tuesday evening, at 7:45.

REFORMED CHURCH (Brookdale).—Rev. William G. E. See, Pastor. Sabbath service 10:30 A.M. and 7:30 P.M. Sunday school, 9 A.M. E. G. Day, Superintendent. Prayer meeting, Wednesday evening.

SILVER LAKE.—Sabbath school held every Sunday, in the hall, at 3 P.M. Mr. Herbert Smith, Superintendent. Gospel meeting every Sabbath evening at 7:30 o'clock. Prayer and Conversational meeting, Wednesday evening.

St. MARK'S CHURCH, (Bloomfield Ave.)—Sunday services: Preaching at 10:30 A.M., E. A. Smith, Sup't. Preaching 7:30 P.M.

Rev. Jeremiah Murray, Pastor.

Sky-Sailing.

Lazy clouds, so slowly floating,
That would be my kind of boating.—
Riding, gliding, high in air,
Bound for—oh, for anywhere!
Do you ever sail so far
That you steer against a star?
And the moon—who turns you round
When on her you'd run aground?
As the wild goose quacks it South,
Can you see inside his mouth?
When the bluebird brings the spring,
It is pinned beneath his wing?
Have you ever seen that town
Where the sun stays when he's down?
Is his hair all gold and curly?
How does he get up so early?
Who lives way on yonder hill?
Always talking when it's still?
I wonder, oh, I do just wonder
If you've seen old growling Thunder!
Can't he stop his children's clatter?
Is he mad?—Or what's the matter?
Many queer things you must spy,
Riding there, so wild and high,—
Lazy clouds, so slowly floating.
That would be my kind of boating.

JOHN VANCE CHENEY IN ST. NICHOLAS.

LITERARY NOTES.

The publications of the Boston Public Library are nearly always of the greatest use in those libraries which lack the means or the energy, or the interest in bibliographical progress, to follow its example. Owing to the generous policy of the authorities, also, the special catalogues are sold at cost price, so that, in the case of the just published new edition (the seventh) of the Fiction Catalogue, any one who writes for it gets a large octavo of 238 pages for 25 cents, postpaid. As regards the technically bibliographical features, we find in the present edition a considerable advance on all former works of the kind, especially in giving the real authority to anonymous and pseudonymous books, though even easily accessible sources of information have sometimes been neglected. Thus no notice is taken of the fact, made public a year and a half ago, that "The Picture in my Uncle's Dining-Room," "The Old M'sieu's Secret," and "Where Shall He Find Her?" are all translations of Mme. Reybaud's "Mille de Malepierre." Elsewhere we find two translations of one of Erckmann Chatrian's stories catalogued as distinct works. As to pseudonyms, the practice is most inconsistent. There can be no better test of a cataloguer's habit of mind than the way he treats "George Eliot" and "George Sand." Both these ladies were and are known by their pseudonyms only, but in every aspect of life, except, of course, in their family relations. The average reader knows not that they had another name, while, even with the literary class, it requires an effort of the memory to recall what the names were. And not only is this true, but it is recognized as true by those whose opinion and example should determine the practice of cataloguers, viz., their literary executors, as is shown in the publication of George Sand's (not Mme. Dudevant's) correspondence, and in her husband's life of George Eliot (not Mary Ann Cross). We are pleased to see that the Boston cataloguer takes this view as regards George Eliot, though in the other case he follows the doctrinaire theory of always placing an author's books under the real, even if practically unknown, name, at whatever cost of convenience.—*The Nation*.

—Perhaps the most curious buyer of books in Washington is a wealthy crank who seems to be half lunatic, but who understands the value of books perfectly, and who bids high prices for what he wants. I have often seen him about the auction room, a big man, with a round, bullet head, and a little, low derby hat, several sizes too small for him, placed on the front of it and down so as to almost hide his eyes. The back of his neck is painted black, and his big cheeks show the suspicion of rouge. He wears a sack-coat with sleeves several times too large for him, and he has very small hands and feet. He is proud of these hands, and the cuffs which surround them are always of the whitest, and they are so large that he can pull his hands up into them out of sight. His shoulders are padded out so that they become a deformity, and where the sleeves fall at the end of the shoulders they hang in a hollow, limp wrinkle, as though the coat was hung on a wire frame other than on a human being. He wears very small shoes, made like those of a lady with the heel near the middle of his foot, and he walks necessarily in a mincing way.

At the book auctions he always has a book in his hand, and while the sale is not in progress he is reading. He speaks to no one, and seems to be a sort of misanthrope. I could tell you his name, but it will suffice to say that he is the son of wealthy parents, who have left him a fortune so tied up that he gets only the income, which by the way, is a large amount, and is paid to him regularly. He has one of the finest private libraries in Washington, and adds to it every day.

Why are Our Elms in Mourning?

enough to fix it up with a view to taste. Then go on down Glenwood avenue to the depot. The same lack of beauty, the same low or flat buildings, the same look as though they had not quite got ready to see visitors. And then no wonder strangers coming to locate here go as far as the Centre and then in disgust take the next train to Montclair (or some other fixed up-town) as I know of one party who did.

Do we want our town to grow? Do we want the fine, vacant lots occupied with beautiful houses adapted to their location? Do we want our merchants to prosper, our bank and newspaper to flourish? Then forbid the erection of shanties on the best business part of our town, and let property owners on the prominent business streets, remodel or tear down and build suitable buildings, or, if they don't feel able to do that, let them sell lots at fair prices, but not charge so much for lots that the purchasers have no money to build with.

Why should we not have one of the prettiest as well as fastest-growing towns in the suburbs of New York?

First impressions are always lasting, and what a grand panorama of beauty sight that met my eyes. First, the substantial and grand Old Church that has stood for a century and is good for another, and I felt an excusable pride as I stood for a moment facing our most elegant Park, so nicely kept, so like a carpet of green velvet over Mother Earth.

I noticed that all the elm trees—those noble elms—were in deep mourning, and I wondered what made them so sad, and why they mourned. But as I continued my way on toward the centre of the town I ceased to wonder. Oh that I had the pen of an artist that I might fully picture to your eyes as it was reflected in mine! But I will tell what I saw in my own way and then let each one take a bird's eye view and fill in the parts that are here left out.

The Methodist church, with its spires, reminding one of a Harecourt, though no sensational edifice, calls for no special view. But why, oh, why, was the next valuable lot so despoiled by putting two houses where only one, to cost more than both, should stand? Our beauty spots are too rare and costly to desecrate thus. This class of houses is needed in our town, but why not put them a little off from the finest place in the State, and not put small, gaudy houses in the midst of such noble edifices as we find till we cross Liberty street? And there, hid among the trees and overshadowed by our Library Hall, (which by the way looks as if it was not quite done, and stands a monument to the unfinished ways of our town) we unexpectedly come to the neatest house in town—rather heavily enclosed with stone wall and iron fence, yet the substantial house does not look as if it would run away if it was not fenced in. Surely, 'tis not for this that the sable-blankets are worn by the stately elms, and as I wandered past the brick bakery and a view of the street became nearer, I no longer wondered. A lot that would be cheap at \$2,000, was occupied by a small, unpainted carpenter's shop. A little further on a 12x25 one-story store or office, and a new one at that; tasty and neat for its size, but oh! my countrymen, what folly put that bandbox on a \$1,000 lot! And right across the street another of the same size is crowded in between two of more imposing size, and this one was erected to print THE CITIZEN in. No wonder the stockholders want to sell their shares. No wonder there is no more news in the Citizen! Little office, little news.

And here I am reminded of our noble Savings Bank. 'Tis a fact, we have a Savings Bank in town: but who knows it? and when they do know it, how many can find it? And after once standing in front of its dingy sign who could get in without a guide—or if once in would not be loth to leave their deposit there, it is so unattractive. Now if its officers should purchase one of those pretty lots occupied by these one-storyed mansions, and erect a tasty, substantial building with an opening to the street, I doubt not but their deposits would double in a short time.

But to continue on our Broad St. trip. I notice that there are no elms in front of THE CITIZEN shanty to mourn. Were they so disgusted with the row of buildings on that side of the way, and with the exception of the Martin Flats, all on the other side, that they died in very shame? Oh, how imposing the edifices next South of these flats! And more worthy of being called a "flat" is the grocery without an upper story,—a high board fence made necessary to hide the out-houses, nooks and angles of the building on the corner, which might have been an ornament instead of an eye-sore, at very trifling expense. But I suppose the owner made it as unsightly as possible to correspond with the surroundings: for any one can show a more tattered and torn, tumble-down view—poverty and shanty-town than that ancient and patched-up row on Washington street, as it crosses the Centre, where all our business is done, I would like to see it. And then, too, on the Avenue, the alterations to the old store are simply abominable. A triangular front with a peaked roof and only a patch put on part way up, as though there was no room to turn the original building in line with the street, or stuff

AS BEING ESPECIALLY CHEAP AND DESIRABLE:

Lot 1, White, 10:4, at \$3.50 per pair.
Lot 2, White, 11:4, at \$4.50 per pair.
Lot 3, White, 12:4, at \$5.25 per pair.
Lot 4, White, 13:4, at \$6.00 per pair.
Lot 5, White, 10:4, All-Wool, \$3.75 pair.
Lot 6, White, 11:4, All-Wool, \$5.50 pair.
Lot 7, White, 12:4, All-Wool, \$6.50 pair.
Lot 8, White, 11:4, All-Wool, \$6.50 pair.
Lot 9, White, 12:4, All-Wool, \$7.50 pair.
Lot 10, Red, 11:4, \$4.75 per pair.
Lot 11, Red, 11:4, \$5.50 per pair.
Lot 12, Red, 12:4, \$6.50 per pair.

We have made a large purchase of these blankets, and hope to have enough to supply the demand, and probably will unless the extremely low prices at which they are offered induces some of our competitors to become our customers.

WE WILL CLOSE OUT

our entire stock of straw goods, glassware and give

Especial Bargains in Table and Pocket Cutlery,

Hardware, Crockery, Groceries, Dry & Fancy Goods.

Twelve Lots

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